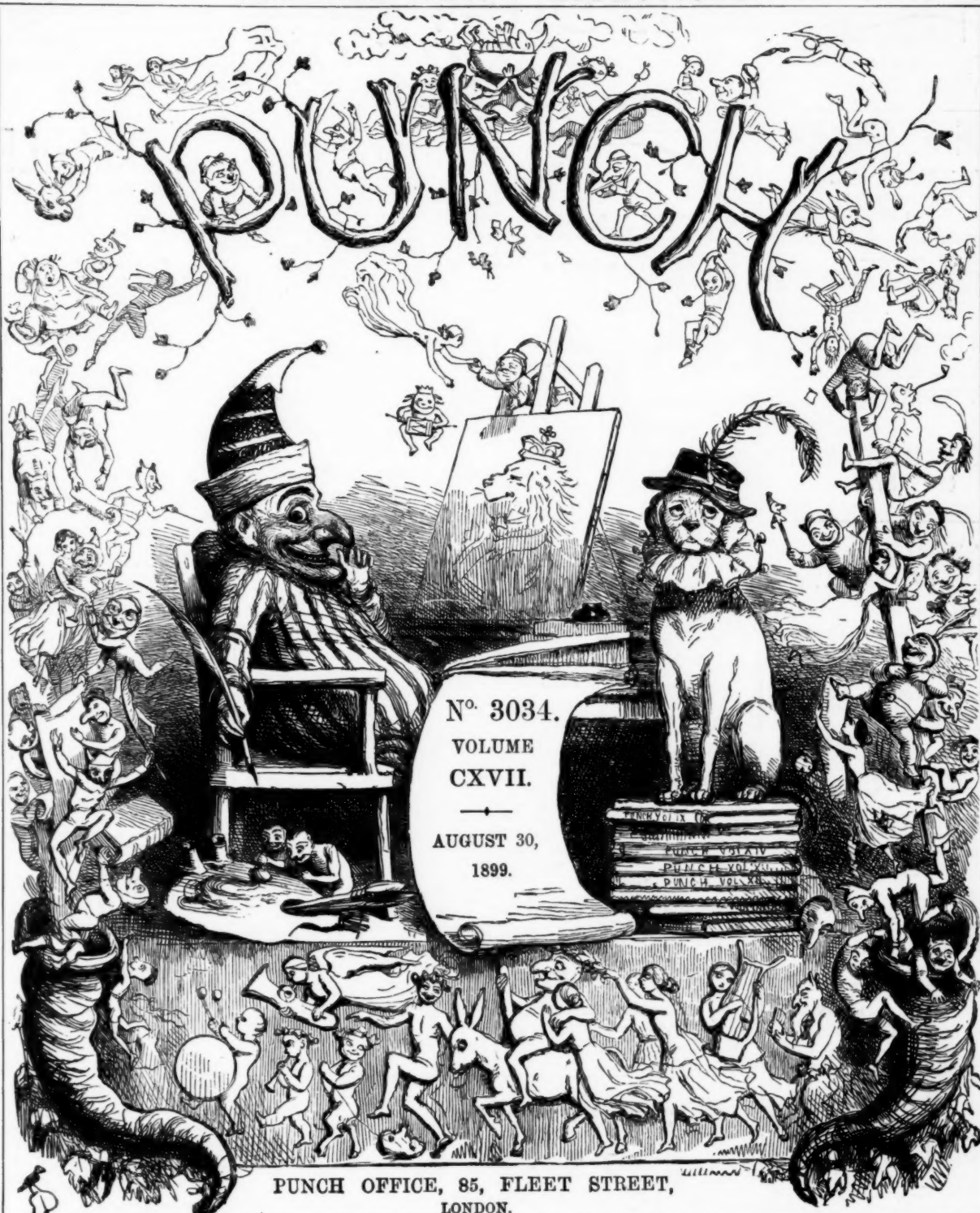


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Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.

A MAGNIFICENT SHILLINGSWORTH
The September Number of
THE PALL MALL
MAGAZINE,

Edited by Lord FRIDERIC HAMILTON.
NOW READY. Order Early, as only a limited number will be printed.
18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

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WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

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London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
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"MAB"
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For Delicate Children.
SQUIRE'S
CHEMICAL
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In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF
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Her Majesty's Chemists,
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all
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By Appointment to The QUEEN
and H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.
SPECIALITIES FOR INVALIDS
IN GLASS.

CALVES FEET JELLY.
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CHICKEN JELLY.
CHICKEN BREASTS IN JELLY.
Also
INVALID TURTLE SOUP in Tins.
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4 Bottles Champagne.
Choice Old Brandy and Rum,
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Lists on Application.

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181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.

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Sydenham House,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.

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Hygienic CLOTH Substitute
for Mackintosh.

This Cloth is impervious to water but not to air. Much has lately been heard of the mischievous effects resulting from Cloths that are water-proofed with deleterious ingredients. The "Omne Tempus" is absolutely free from any matter that could in the slightest degree injure the wearer or the fabric. It is

Absolutely **WATERPROOF.**
" POROUS.
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"OMNE TEMPUS" Coat (as sketch), 45/-
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
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by their Steamship
LUSITANIA, 3,812 tons register, 4,000 h.p.,
For SOUTH OF SPAIN, SICILY, GREECE, CON-
STANTINOPLE, MALTA, ALGIERES, &c.,
leaving London 21st Sept., arriving back 30th Oct.
High-class cuisine, string band, &c.
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"The finest and most luxurious Sea-
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Charges Moderate.
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From 3^d. per foot.
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall
Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

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OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT
STATEMENT—

"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced
"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.

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OLD JUDGE
TOBACCO

DURING SUMMER

You should never be without a bottle of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

Which cools and refreshes the face and hands,
removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness,
and Rougeuses; heals and cures Irritation,
Eruptions. Bottles, 2s and 4s.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL,

the most effectual preserver and restorer of the
hair, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for ladies
and children with fair or golden hair, as it does
not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Store-
men and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.



"SO YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF MY RETRIEVERS?"
 "ON THE CONTRARY. I THINK YOU HAVE TWO MOST VALUABLE WATCH DOGS."

IS THE SILLY SEASON WORTH KEEPING UP?

To the Editor of the "Wireless Telegraph."

SIR,—I am perfectly well aware that if I venture to address you on what I think is a subject of considerable social interest at the moment when the DREYFUS trial has commenced and the Transvaal trouble is well to the fore, I shall be accused of a desire to keep up Appearances as a Promoter of Silly Season Booms. I do not much fear the charge. I honestly believe that the ideas which have occurred to me on the question of a painful and protracted newspaper correspondence throughout August and September are worthy of publicity; and I, therefore, ask you for the hospitality of your columns.

My question is one which comes into the heads of most holiday-makers at this time of year—Is the Silly Season worth Keeping up? Is its Topic worth discussing? Is it good enough? Well, is it? There is a good deal to be said on one side—a good deal on the other. The effort may be to ascertain whether Marriage is a Failure, to thresh out the question of Mixed Bathing and False Modesty, to decide if Wives Should Work, to confess to the world at large the romantic details of My Engagement, to take a *plébiscite* on the alleged Increase of Flirtation, or on the Best Way to Celebrate the Queen's Record Reign, to investigate the means of intercommunication with Mars, to enquire if Life is Worth Living, or to learn whether Girls Should Propose. How poor Scribbledom strives! What

efforts it makes, what agony it endures (and inflicts)! How it will sacrifice hard-earned leisure, sometimes the very last sheet of writing-paper it possesses, all for the sake of keeping up appearances in print! Yet now and then Scribbledom and Suburbanity must stop to ask itself—Are these appearances worth keeping up? Is the Silly Season Boom a public necessity? Is it worth while? Is it good enough? Is it catchy or tasty enough?

Take, for instance, the case of a city clerk, the son of his late father, married, with three or four children, and an income of £2 a week. He has been educated, thanks to the dreams of his widowed mother, at the nearest local substitute for Harrow and Charterhouse, her dead and gone husband having had the impress of these schools "stamped on him," presumably at football, and so he, the clerk, has been given a fair chance in the world. He has gone into life at the most impressionable age with a wholly false idea of himself and his relations to the public; he has learnt to write and air his opinions; he has got up "Book Teas;" he has posed as a social oracle among his admiring female relatives; he has been bitten with the *cacoëthes scribendi* ever since he contributed a letter, over his own signature, to the *Daily Telephone*, on the entralling debate—"Is the Cumberbund Good Form?" Result, he now consumes the whole of his annual fortnight's holiday in concocting similar *ipse dixit*s on the theme that you, Sir, in your wisdom choose to propound, to the detriment of his health and his family's well-being.

Will he not have a swelled head as he grows older; will he not feel that he must go on sacrificing others to keep up appearances? But are they worth it? Will they ever be worth it? Who can answer it? Not I. Is it worth going on—with this letter! I am, yours dubiously,
 JOHN STRANGE WYZED.

HARD BY A FOUNTAIN.

DAPHNE, we met in that far dell
 Beside the fountain legend-haunted,
 Where by your still more potent spell
 My captive fancy was enchanted.

By fortune's chance your trivial need
 For our first converse gave occasion;
 I to no churlish pride gave heed,
 You stooped in turn to no evasion.

I asked no wealth or rank of you—
 Nay, of deceit I dare not task you;
 You fancied, DAPHNE, that I knew,
 Or praised me that I did not ask you.

Your words were few, your glances shy,
 I, too, but gazed in silent wonder;
 I lost you, DAPHNE, asking why
 Should Fate have cast our lots asunder?

Yet in her doom I now concur,
 Because, by that enchanted water,
 You met your father's customer,
 DAPHNE,—and I my butcher's daughter.

A ROUNDABOUT STORY.

English Acquaintance (instructing French Tourist in London). Yes, a delightful way round, to Hampton Court by Richmond and Sheen—

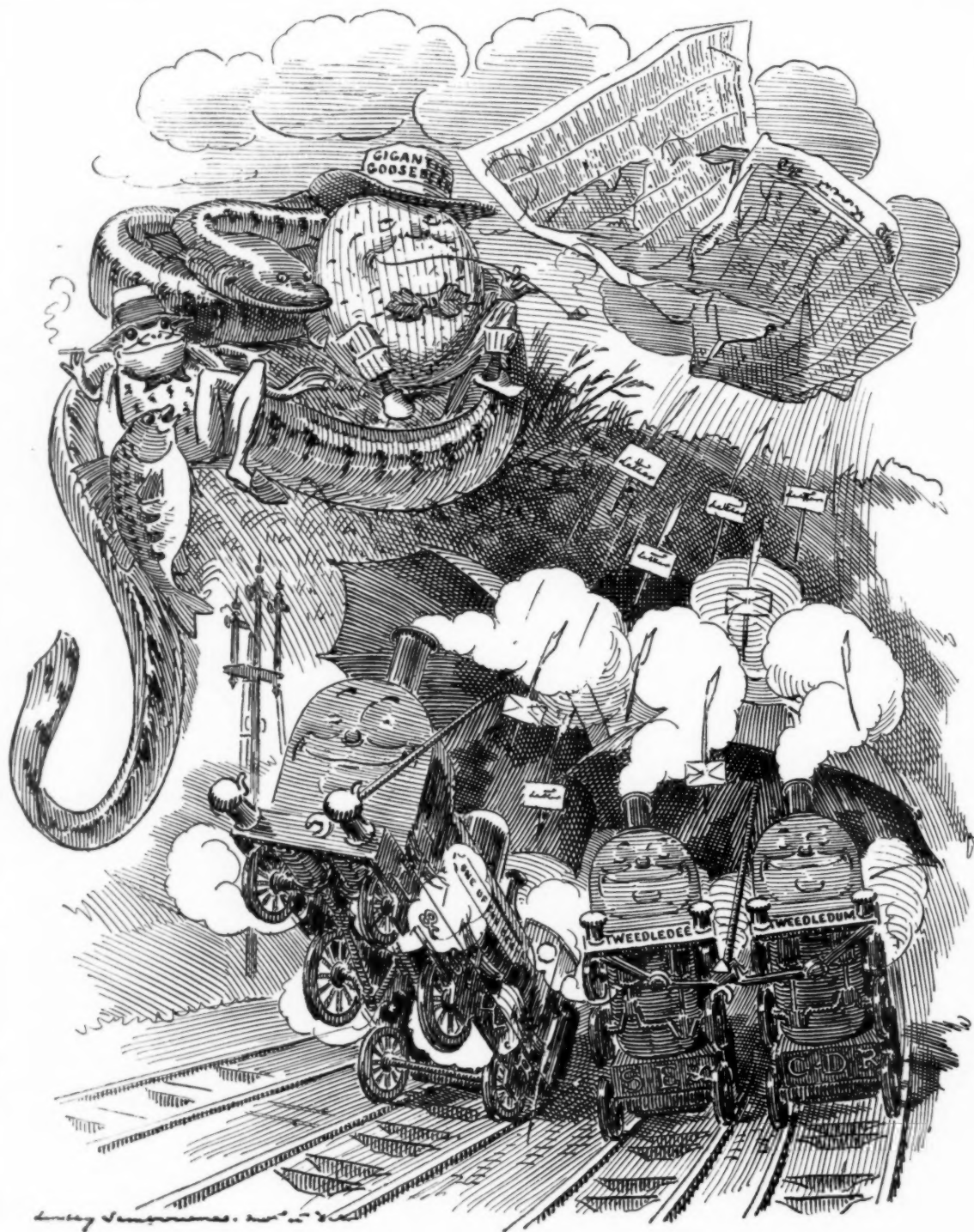
French Tourist (catching the last name). Comment donc! Je ne veux pas faire le tour du monde! Un voyage en Chine pour aller à Antoucourt? You "get at me"! Hein?

YACHTING.—"Quite the right thing to do, my boy!" No doubt of it. Of course Sir TEA LIPTON should go in for a Cup!



AN EASY ONE FOR THE BLACK PRINCE.

["Up to last Thursday (August 24) Prince RANJITSINHJI had scored 2,780 runs during the season—the highest aggregate ever made." "He will probably now make 3,000 runs during the cricket year of 1899."—*Daily Chronicle*.]



SILLY SEASON SHOWERS.

Sea Serpent, Gigantic Gooseberry, &c. "THANK GOODNESS, WE'RE LET ALONE, AND THE RAILWAYS HAVE GOT IT THIS YEAR."

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE AT RENNES.

LAST week Mr. Punch announced the departure of his Principal Foreign Correspondent. The recent riots in Paris have doubtless caused widespread anxiety as to the fate of this heroic man, who, alone and defenceless, set out upon an arduous journey to a foreign town, occupied by opposing factions of violent partisans. Such is Rennes. The risks which he so bravely encountered must have struck a chill to every sympathetic heart. The fact that he has not yet arrived there proves that his discretion is equal to his valour. Mr. Punch has received the following despatches from this courageous correspondent.

ROUEN.—Having succeeded in reaching Dieppe, and finding no actual civil war in progress there, I thought it my duty to advance as far as possible. On arrival here I went to the hotel most frequented by the English, and therefore least likely to be patronised by the Anti-dreyfusards. The presence of three English clergymen at the *table d'hôte* was reassuring. However, I discovered afterwards that a strike of workmen had begun. Also I noticed at the chief *café* that every one was reading the reports of the trial at Rennes. They all looked peaceful business men, but at moments of political excitement a foreigner is safer when he is absent. Resolve to leave and to go to Havre, whence I could escape on a British ship. Have not yet reached Rennes.

HAVRE.—Fearing lest I might travel alone in a railway-carriage with some violent Anti-dreyfusard—perhaps with ROCHEFORT, or JUDET, or DRUMONT—I came here by the river steamer. At the moment of starting, discovered that I was the only Englishman on board. Should I be massacred? Endeavour to conciliate other passengers by scrupulous politeness. They are coldly civil. Begin to fear the worst. Gradually darkness sets in. At last we reach Havre. Escape hastily, and drive to hotel.

Must conceal my connection with the press, and pretend to be a person of no importance. Elegant lady in *bureau* offers me a room *au premier*. Modestly decline such a position. "*Mais c'est une chambre,*" she explains, "*qui ne donne pas sur la mer.*" Accept it meekly, and follow a waiter upstairs, round a landing, down a few stairs, along a corridor, and up some stairs. Remark to him that the hotel is immense. "*Mais oui, Monsieur. Toutes les chambres sont au premier.*" Turn to the left and along another corridor. "*Encore des couloirs?*" "*Oui, Monsieur.*" Is this an Anti-dreyfusard trap? Begin to feel nervous. Round another corner, and perceive yet another corridor extending indefinitely onwards. Protest gently. "*Mais je n'arriverai jamais.*" "*Voilà, Monsieur!*" Waiter throws open a door. Lonely room. Remote from help. No English clergymen near. British consul perhaps a mile away. Must make enquiries. "*Il n'y a personne dans cette partie de l'hôtel?*" "*Si, si, Monsieur,*" says the waiter, and points to a pair of boots outside the next door. I look at them. Long, narrow toes, turning up. They are a Frenchman's. Rather shabby. Perhaps a journalist's. Possibly ROCHEFORT's, or DRUMONT's, or JUDET's. However, a correspondent must risk every-



Billie Snooks (reading notice on Fire Alarm). "ANY ONE INTERFERING WITH THIS APPARATUS OR GIVING FALSE ALARM WILL BE LIABLE TO A FINE OF £20, OR A TERM OF IMPRISONMENT NOT EXCEEDING TWO MONTHS." Bobby Smiff. "WHICH UD FOU 'AVE, BILLIE!" Billie Snooks. "OH! I'D 'AVE THE TWO MONTHS!"

thing, even his life. Shut myself in the lonely room, lock the door, bolt it, push the arm-chair and table against it, and go to bed. Have not yet reached Rennes.

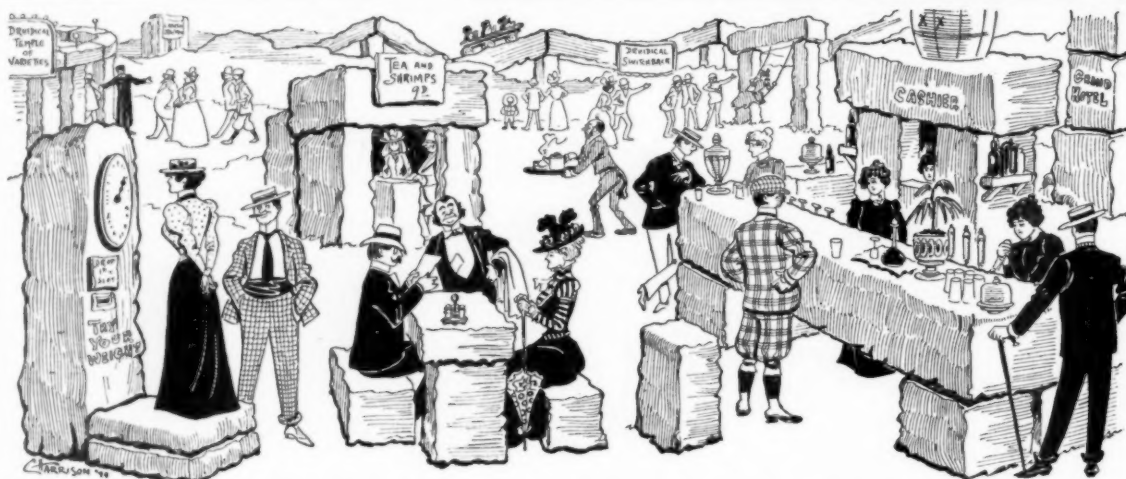
No civil war here. Resolve to run over to Trouville for the day to see if anything of the kind is going on there.

TROUVILLE.—This town is absolutely calm. No revolution as yet. Have made investigations in all parts. Delightful bath in the sea. Admirable *déjeuner* at excellent hotel. Unfortunately left luggage at Havre, or might have remained here, and continued investigations. Dinner would be probably equally good. Might perhaps return to-morrow with luggage. Should be nearer Rennes than at Havre. Sit in the shade outside *café* on the *plage*. Pleasant breeze. Cloudless sky. Smoke cigarettes peacefully. No sign of any

rioting anywhere. Wonder if GUÉRIN is getting hungry in his *Fort-Chabrol*. How he would have enjoyed that *déjeuner*! Ask the waiter for a newspaper. He brings me the *Intransigeant*. Wave it away impatiently. Then suddenly remember that I may be surrounded by Anti-dreyfusards. Two men at the next table are watching me. They speak in a low voice. One of them mentions the name ROCHEFORT. There is not a moment to be lost. Pay the waiter, snatch up the change, without waiting to see how many bad coins it may include, hasten to the *Jetée Promenade*, and catch the boat to Havre, where at least I could take refuge in the British Consulate or on a British ship.

HAVRE.—Have arrived here uninjured. The town is calm.

(Later).—Have not yet reached Rennes.



HOW STONEHENGE MIGHT BE POPULARISED IF THE GOVERNMENT BOUGHT IT. SUGGESTION GRATIS.

STONEHENGE—AND WHAT IT MAY BECOME !

(A Peep into a not very remote Futurity.)

Mr. Punch, understanding from the daily papers that the present owner of Stonehenge proposes—should the War Office decline his terms of £125,000 for the freehold—to put this ancient British monument up for auction to the highest bidder, has been greatly exercised in mind as to the probable fate of the Stones. Wishing to know the worst, he has consulted his own private Clairvoyant, who has been favoured with a second sight of the (as yet unpublished) newspaper files referring to the subject,—with the following interesting, if somewhat conflicting, results:—

EXTRACT No. I. (From Advertisement Columns, Morning Paper, 1900.)

"Messrs. HOARDING AND POSTER, having recently acquired that central and eligible property known as STONEHENGE, are thereby enabled to offer a unique opportunity to enterprising British advertisers. Terms:—Single column (per square foot), £6 per annum. Double column, £5. Architrave, £8. Double column (with architrave), £4 10s. Other spaces at rates varying according to position, &c. All advertisements on imperishable galvanised iron plates, enamelled in best Art colours. Selected by a Committee of Taste, comprising several eminent artists and decorators.

"Only one architrave and the top of the Stone of Sacrifice vacant at present. Hurry up!"

EXTRACT No. II. (From another Advertisement Column.)

"Messrs. McCRAKIT AND ROLLESTONE, having purchased the ruins of Stonehenge at a remarkably low figure, are prepared to entertain proposals for road-metal from District Councils, contractors, and others.

"In deference to lovers of antiquities, dealers, and others, who may care to preserve some memento of this interesting Link with the Past, Messrs. MCC. AND R. beg to announce that they have set aside one of the smaller monoliths, and can supply blocks of various sizes, which may be worked up into chimney ornaments, tin pieces, paper-weights, &c., according to taste. These blocks will take a fine polish, and are practically indestructible.

"Terms on application to the Head Sawyer, Stonehenge."

EXTRACT No. III. (Paragraph in Evening Paper, 1900.)

Reuter's New York correspondent cables to-day:

"Mr. Ezra P. Smart, who became the purchaser of Stonehenge last year, has now succeeded in transporting this highly interesting souvenir in vessels specially constructed for the purpose, and on its arrival in sections yesterday, is understood to have disposed of it to the United States Government for a sum representing a handsome profit. The quaint and unique Prehistoric survival will be carefully re-erected in the Yellowstone Park, where it will, doubtless, form an object of great attraction to British tourists."

EXTRACT No. IV. (Another paragraph from Evening Paper of later date.)

"The War Office has now almost completed its great work at Stonehenge, which will henceforth rank as an Ordnance and Ammunition Storehouse of the first importance, while, from its isolated situation, it is unlikely to constitute any danger to the safety of the public. Already, with its frowning battlements and solid gloomy walls, in which portions of the original structure may still be identified in spite of the lead colour that coats them, it forms a striking and impressive landmark, and will doubtless prove of the greatest utility should the country ever unhappily be invaded by a foreign foe. Handsome and spacious barracks are in course of erection in its immediate vicinity, and in a few years Stonehenge Fort will be but the central point of a military *dépôt* rivaling Portsmouth and Woolwich in extent and activity."

EXTRACT No. V. (Paragraph as before. 1901.)

"The SALVATION ARMY has now quite settled into its new headquarters at Stonehenge, which, as some readers may remember, they acquired in the autumn of the year before last by public auction. The building has been put into a condition of thorough repair; all the missing stones being supplemented by blocks of Portland cement, and the interstices neatly filled in with brick. Painted in the Army colours of crimson and dark blue, and adorned with texts and emblems of huge proportions, it is quite a prominent feature in the landscape. It is curious to reflect that after the lapse of so many centuries, this historic edifice should once more be employed for purposes of a devotional character."

EXTRACT No. VI. (Paragraph from the Era, 1900.)

"Messrs. MASTODON AND MAMMOTH, the world-renowned Menagerie and Circus proprietors, opened yesterday at the new 'Cirque Stonehenge,' where they will be 'at home' for the future in the intervals of touring. The work of reconstruction has been admirably carried out, and those who knew the forlorn and dilapidated old building in days of yore would find it hard to recognise it in its spruce and transformed condition. With great taste and judgment, the architect, Mr. Girdershell (who has had considerable experience in this class of work) has not attempted to interfere with such portions of the original structure as remained intact, but has used them as a basis for his own design, which is a happy mixture of the Romanesque and Renaissance styles, executed in moulded brick and terra cotta. The scheme of exterior decoration is a warm chocolate picked out with a dainty cream, and harmonises delightfully with the dull greys and greens of the surrounding plain. Inside, there is seating accommodation for over three thousand persons, and it is needless to add that the acoustic and sanitary arrangements, both in the vast stables and the auditorium, are absolutely perfect. Lines of electric tramcars and light railways connect this truly Megatherian Hippodrome with Salisbury, Winchester, Dorchester, and other cities and towns in the vicinity."

"The morning and evening programmes were of the most varied and attractive kind, and altogether Messrs. MASTODON AND MAMMOTH may be heartily congratulated upon the energy and enterprise which have turned a useless and obsolete ruin into a home of refined and up-to-date entertainment for the multitude."

The next extract is so utterly improbable, so foreign to all our cherished national prejudices and traditions, that Mr. Punch can only give it with the utmost reserve, and without for a moment pledging himself to any faith in his clairvoyant's accuracy in this particular instance.

EXTRACT NO. VII. (Leader from Morning Paper, October, 1899.)

"At last, we are glad to learn, the Government has awoke to the necessity of preserving Stonehenge, which is to be acquired in trust for the Nation at a price to be settled by arbitration. Every precaution is to be taken to preserve it from further decay, and the Public may now rest assured that England will be spared the disgrace of having permitted either the removal or desecration of one of its most famous relics."

"BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS."

Title by Master William Shakspeare and Mr. Justice North.

OH, who has not seen a reporter reporter

Not seen a reporter a taking his "note" ?—

A type of a kind of a sorter a sorter

A sorter machine in a trousers and coat.

While voluble speakers are talking are talking

Are talking away at a deuce of a rate,

The agile reporters are stalking are stalking

Are stalking their chattering quarries like Fate.

When eloquence issues like water like water

It issues like water from ROSEBERY'S brain,

Says NORTH "no admirer did oughter did oughter

Did ouphter be suffered to print them again.

"For the Times it expended its money its money

Expended its money in taking it down,

So the Times is the owner—'tis funny, 'tis funny—

Of adjective, adverb, and substantive noun.

"Now the Times it has sought a, the Times it has sought a

Has sought a injunction against Mr. LANE.

The reason the latter contested the matter

And made such a clatter is strikingly plain."

LORD ROSEBERY'S bricks and his mortar his mortar

His bricks and his mortar constructed a book;

But the Judge and the Times it has taught a has taught a

Has taught a "new fact"—its reports mayn't be took.

Now if speakers omit to commission commission

Commission reporters to take down their speech,

They should make a protective condition condition

Protective condition that none can impeach.

So this practical moral was taught a was taught a

Was taught a shocked public a fortnight ago;

You must always import a reporter reporter

Import a—but why? We are blessed if we know!

"To take what's your own, then, is stealing is stealing?"

His Lordship exclaims, while enjoying the sport.

And so Mr. LANE is appealing appealing

Appealing against the award of the Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE story called *Siren City* (METHUEN) at the sweet will and pleasure of its author, BENJAMIN SWIFT, is a roundabout kind of work commencing with a chapter which, more appropriately and artistically, should have been the third or fourth from the final one, and ending with the sudden appearance of some one "of no consequence," while at the close our BENJAMIN kindly informs us as to the doings of some unimportant minor characters, whose "subsequent proceedings" possess no sort of interest for the reader. Though at first this story by SWIFT will be found to belie its author's name, being the very opposite of "swift," yet the undaunted reader, as he proceeds, will be enticed onwards, at intervals, by dexterously thrown flashes of interest calculated to arouse a certain languid curiosity,



GARDENING FOR THE YOUNG.

Master Tommy. "OH, GEORGE, WE WANT TO TELL YOU THAT YOU HAD BETTER GROW ONLY NEW POTATOES AFTER THIS. THEY'RE EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OLD KIND."

and so to induce him to persevere to the end, "for the reward," which the Baron sincerely wishes he may obtain.

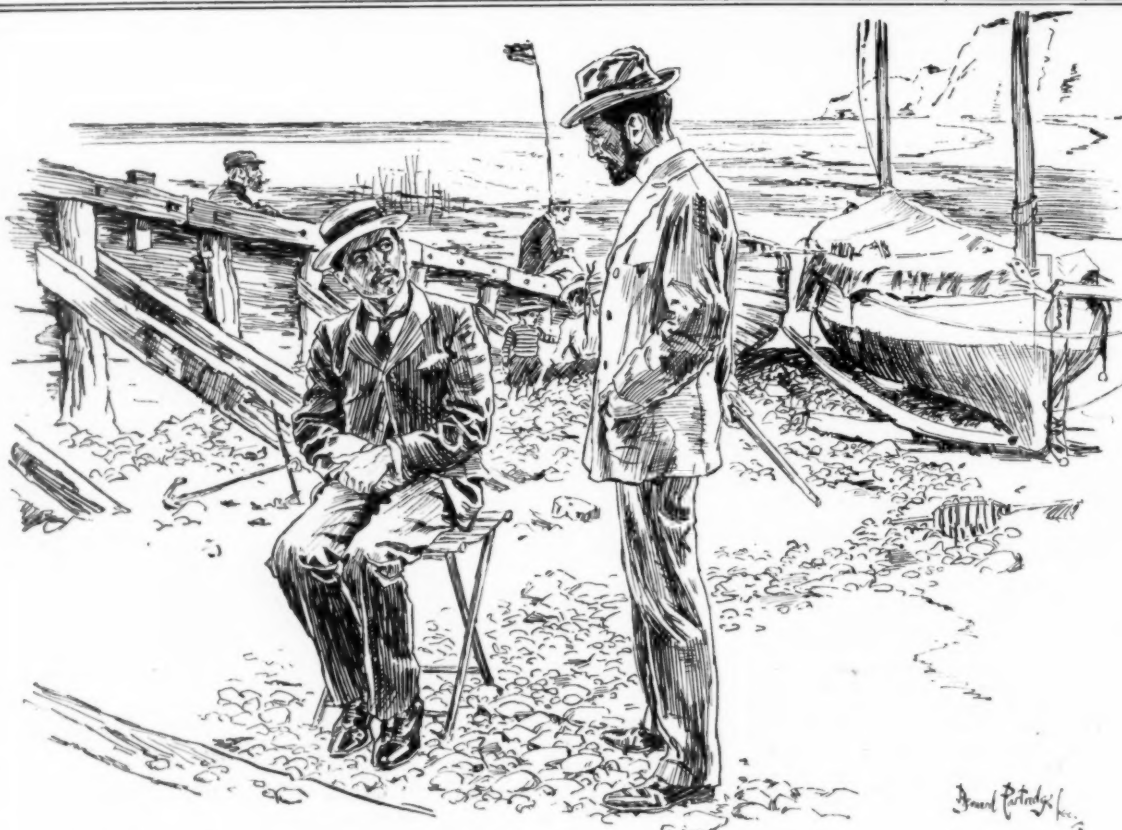
For the Sake of the Duchesse (ARROWSMITH) direful deeds are done. Duelling is as common as shaking hands. Men are pinked (that's the word) as they walk about their daily or nightly business. We change clothes with corpses we have just slain in the snow, assume their identity, take possession of their estate, and eke their pretty cousin. Casting our corpse (one of them) on the waters, it returns to us after many days, and gets rid of a character whom it is time to remove from the stage. By way of varying the monotony of such deeds, the Duchesse de Berri fights a duel on a snowy night with another young lady. "The next instant Mademoiselle de Cheverney lay on her back upon the terrace with a quick stream of blood from her side darkening the snow." Finally, after a brief but sufficient residence in the Frog Chamber in the Château Sainte Roxaine, with green-eyed rats for companions, we go forth to wed the Duchesse de Berri, and lo! we find ourselves standing at the altar with our own true love, Mademoiselle de Cheverney, whom late we left spoiling the snow on the terrace. From this hurried sketch my Baronite fancies it will be seen that Mr. WALKLEY has written a rattling romance, to be read with breathless interest in holiday time.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

NEWS FROM HOLLAND.—The Chess Tournament at Amsterdam, arranged by the Dutch Chess Association, was specially remarkable for the play of Mr. ATKINS, not the well-known "TOMMY of that ilk," but Mr. H. E. ATKINS, who made a clean score of fifteen wins, thus gaining the first prize. Of course there were fêtes; and of course the favourite opera on this occasion was OFFENBACH'S *La Grande Dutch-chess*.

LATIN MOTTO FOR THE DREYFUS TRIAL (enigmatical, but about true for all that).—"NIL SINE LABORI."

[Tis the dative for the ablative case, just to suit the Dreyfus Case.]



First Hindoo. "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN FOR A BOAT-SAIL?"

Second Hindoo. "OH, YES!"

First Hindoo. "HOW DID YOU ENJOY IT?"

Second Hindoo. "I DID NOT LIKE IT; IT IS TOO HORRIBLE. THE BOAT IS GOING UPSIDE AND DOWNSIDE, AND YOUR INSIDE IS GOING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE."

BABS.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator, after Sir Edwin Arnold's recent translation of the "First Four Babs of the Rose-Garden of the Sa'di.")

I.

THE tale is told of a Padishah who was much given to the game of putta (golf). On a certain day, mislaying his pellet in a running stream, he forthwith mentioned the name of Allah without due reverence. Now, search being made, it chanced that upon the person of his Ca'di was found just such a pellet, of which he could render no good account; having indeed stolen it, with three, its fellows, from elsewhere, *videlicet*, from the lord of the pavilion. But the Padishah, deeming himself defrauded, struck the Ca'di upon the hinder parts with his niblik till there were tears in his seeing. But in this he did wrong, as say the Hakims in a Bab ballad, one of the merry sort:

Abrade ye not, untried, a prisoner's skin;
He may be guilty of some larger sin.

But the Ca'di, having been presented with the *sâk* (leave of absence), removed his dwelling-place to another clime, as one that seeketh obscurity. And so it fell out that, after three winters, he was bidden to carry the tool-bag of the self-same Padishah, whom chance had thither directed. But the Padishah, having chas-

tised many Ca'dis in his time, recognised not the features of this youth. But the Ca'di knew him right well; and thought on revenge. Now it hopped that at the last driving, whereon hung a great wager as in a balance, the Padishah, having urged his pellet about a farsang's length, as he asserted, moved swiftly across the green sward with his Ca'di, being lifted up in soul. But the driven pellet of the Padishah's friend was not anywhere to be found. Then the Padishah with loud exultation claimed to have won the match. But the other yielded himself to deplorable abuse of the inclemency of Fortune; which being at length abated, "The game is thine," said he; "yet lend me, I pray, a pellet, that I may play out the hole withal." Thereat the Padishah put his hand to his poke, and drew forth a pellet; and in so doing quoted from one of the wise men:

When that thy foe is even with the floor,
Let that suffice thee; thump the man no more.

(There is a word-play here in the Persian, not actually reproduced.) But the friend of the Padishah, chancing to receive the pellet in suchwise that his eye fell closely upon the surface, smote himself with the hand of astonishment on the thigh of indignation; for, both by the superscription of the maker, and by sundry devices of his own carving, such as may be wrought by the *mâshi* or the *clik*,

he perceived that it was no other than the pellet which he had lost but a brief moment before. Then was there much bandying of words; and a great coolness sprang up between the twain; and they went their ways home by several paths.

Thus may a man be unwittingly beguiled by the superficial show of things. For, if the utter truth were known, it was the Ca'di himself who, to serve his own ends, had lifted the pellet of the Padishah's friend and privily placed it in the pouch of the Padishah. But at the last, having drawn his wage, he cried, "May my lord live constantly and forever!" Thereafter he sought the tavern that was most nigh, and grew straightway drunk with the *hâfanhâf* (mixed drink) of revenge.

As it is written in the wise sayings, some of them very precocious for a mere Bab:

That lord may live to be his victim's victim,
Who took his slave and prematurely licked him.

II.

HERE is another little story: There was a King who went forth to shoot at the rabbit with his long bow. But a certain holy darweesh, who observed that the King drew only upon the sitting ones, was heard to remark that The Presence was no sportsman. Accordant to what hath been said:

It is a horrid habit
To shoot a seated rabbit.



FRANCE TO PARIS.

"KEEP QUIET, YOU MADMEN! IF YOU GO ON MAKING SUCH AN EXHIBITION OF YOURSELVES,
YOU'LL RUIN MINE!"

But the King, being informed by one of the tale-bearers, sent for the holy darweesh and admonished him, saying: "Dost not perceive that it is for pity of the rabbit that I shoot him unaware as he sitteth; lest to the pain of death should be added that of terror and much waste of breathing in flight?"

But the darweesh, hanging the head of incredulity, said: "O King, were I a rabbit, I would choose to have some exercise for my pelf (a run for my money)."

But the King, interpreting this word as meaning to say that he were like to miss a rabbit in motion, bade the holy darweesh estimate at what speed he was capable of running across the line of the King's vision.

"For I would gladly know," said he, "what allowance I should give to the aim of my arrow, that thou and it may not fail to collide."

But the holy darweesh said to himself: "O my two ears!" But aloud he cried: "My lord, mayest thou reign interminably! Thy servant knoweth full well that no rabbit, ran he never so swift, could escape thy shaft. Therefore of thy mercy alone it is that thou selectest such as sit tight, so saving them much fear, together with the annoyance of being overtaken in running."

Thus escaped he from becoming a portion of the King's bag.

Stateth a Man of Truth that he has lied,
If it be needful so to save his hide.

AT A SCOTCH HYDROPATHIC.

JADED from over-much London. Met BROWN, who recommends me to try a Scotch hydropathic. "Fine air, excellent baths, plenty of gay young society." Rather hate gay young society—nevertheless, look out train in Bradshaw. Sleep throughout journey North. Arrive McHAGGIS Hydropathic Establishment next morning.

Imposing building. Society trifle variegated, not to say piebald; frisky young misses, "cappy" old ladies, and youths, for the most part devotees of the great god Bouncer. The young Bouncer, attired in suits "fearfully and wonderfully made," sprawl at feet of frisky misses, puffing smoke into their faces and retailing jokes of questionable quality for their benefit. Experience wild yearning in toe of right boot as I regard the speakers. Gong sounds 1.30 for luncheon. All file in. Dismal array of water-bottles on table. Ask for wine-list. Waitress glares, and hurls unintelligible pieces of Scotch language at me. Dawns on me that there is no wine-list, and—no wine! Sigh and subside. Meal consists, for most part, of rice—rice in every form; curried, boiled, ground, rice in milk, and rice with jam. Filling, but monotonous. Drift away from table, depressed, but, paradoxical as its sounds, inflated. Long walk. Feel better. Dinner at (ye gods!) six o'clock. "So nice," says gushing little thing sitting next me at table, "because we can have long evening for dancing." Murmur faintly that I should prefer something to eat and drink, and ask if dances occur often? "Oh, yes, every night; it's such fun!" Suppress groan successfully.

Dinner consists of "good plain joint," more rice and more water. "So healthy,"



Mother. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?"
Little Girl. "OH, MUMMY, I HELPED REGGIE AND CHARLIE TO BUILD THE SAND CASTLE, AND NOW THEY SAY THAT THEY ARE B-BOERS, AND I AM AN OOTLANDER, AND THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP ME OUT FOR S-SEVEN YEARS!"

cooes the sweet thing. Say I'm afraid it's really too healthy for me, and that it must be bad for one to take in so much health all at once. I also ask if she knows how trains run to London? Sweet thing looks surprised. "Oh, you'll soon get to like the place." Reply that I think it is an acquired taste, like a love for olives. "Ah," she says, "you see, you don't know the people here, yet." Answer "No, that is an advantage, I confess." Sweet thing turns away indignantly. Wonder why?

Rise from dinner ravenously hungry. Cigar outside. At 8.30, small but deadly band begins its fell work. Young Bouncer, in ill-fitting dress clothes, lounge into ball-room, pulling on their eighteen-penny gloves, and trying hard to assume airs of *jeunesse dorée*. Dancing begins;

much romping, laughter, and loud conversation. Evidently looked upon more as fine physical exercise, than dancing, pure and simple. One of the guests acting as M.C. obligingly offered to introduce me to "any of this lot." Fled precipitately, and shortly afterwards turned in. Impossible to sleep until band ceases braying.

Thunderous gong awakes me out of my first slumber. Struggle down to baths in grey dawn. Dress, avoid public prayers with harmonium accompaniment, and enter breakfast-room, thinking that a sole, a devilled kidney, or— But what means this long line of bowls and spoons? Consult waitress. "Porridge." Porridge! "Never!" I gasp, and reel out of room. Seize Bradshaw, and rush upstairs to pack. Will dine this night at my own club in London, or perish in the attempt!



"LES DERNIÈRES CARTOUCHES!" (RENNES 1899.)

(With profound apologies to the memory of Alphonse de Neuville.)



MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

Parker. "BEG PARDON, MY LADY, BUT THE BAND CAN'T PLAY THE SELECTION YOUR LADYSHIP ASKED FOR."

Her Ladyship (astonished). "BUT IT'S IN THEIR PROGRAMME!"

Parker. "YES, MY LADY, BUT THEY CAN'T PLAY IT TILL WE GET INTO STILL WATER, AND THEN THEY'LL TRY!"

OUR NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

AN INTERESTING RECORD.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

H.M.S. Universe, Monday.—Had splendid weather to-day. Most of the crew engaged in fishing for whiting. The Admiral of the A B C Fleet intends to— No, I am told that I must not mention his plans, under penalty of being landed by the nearest bumboat woman. Anyway I can assure your readers that the D E F squadron is preparing for action with the G H I division of torpedo-boats. The *Squashtail* gunboat, armed with -100-9 gun, broke down to-day when coming out of harbour. The K L M Reserves have been signalled. The evening devoted to comic songs and operatic operations. Captain's pet Schipperke dog lost overboard during concert. Admiral signalled, but am forbidden to tell you what he signalled. Lobsters cheap to-night, so I am informed in strict confidence by the sergeant of marines. Slight shower while we were getting the groceries on board. The Admiral signalled later that he disapproved of the tinned milk. I am allowed to wire this by special permission, but have to send my message ashore by the gunner's daughter. Owing to the sterility of the hens brought with us there are no new-laid eggs.

Later.—We are going to coal to-morrow, and "whites" are forbidden.

Later still.—This evening a strange craft was seen cruising in the offing, and the Search Light was immediately turned on. She proved to be an excursion steamer which had missed her way, ignorant of the fact that War had been declared.

H.M.S. Universe, Tuesday.—Our Chief Boatswain caught a magnificent conger-eel this morning. It has been turned into turtle soup for the Gun-room mess. A fog came on about mid-day. Every one delighted. The Admiral tried to signal but couldn't. Captains very disappointed, as then his system would have been fully explained. Firing heard on the starboard. Ascertained by means of the Wireless Telegraphy that the crew of *H.M.S. Crocophant* had been shooting gulls. Owing to fog no fresh vegetables.

[We refrain from printing further communications from our Naval Ambassador because, like most modern public houses, he appears to be tied.—Ed.]

AMOVEMENTINANECON OMICALDIRECTION.

—Not exactly a new language, nor is it cryptographic: but it is suggested by a word introduced by a compositor into a *Times Obituary Notice*, Wednesday, Aug. 23. "*Energeticopposition*." Isn't it a delightful word! Should it not serve, henceforth, as a model for telegraphing, so as to squeeze an entire four-shillings-worth of meaning into one sixpenny message?

GUP FROM GIB.

Gibraltar, Tuesday.

MY DERE MAMIE,—Its drefful hard tryin to be funny in a hot climit I dont think lle ever make a goke agin Ive strained orl the mussels like the Englih prince in the Good Childs Histry Book who got drowned in the Wite Ship and never smyled agin.

The nite is so ful of insicks thare aint scarcely any room for the darkness so it has to stop in old holes and boxes orl by itself and even then the arnts get at it.

Thare ar the Moskeetoes thare like rats only thay ware thare tails in frunt and fli about, and thare ar things like turtles very fat underneeth and thay shine red if thares a kandel behind them just like the big red bottle in the kemists windo at home. We corl them Rockbugs.

And then thare ar the wite arnts wot wont go round a kornor to get thare food but eet strate away till they kum to it kornor and orl Orl thees pore insicks ar orlways orful hungry aint it a shame.

The Spanyards are orful amosin peepel. If thay feel restive at nite thay go out and shute at thare sentries for fun just to see them jump, aint it funny of them. Thay cum and shute at our sentries now coz thare own ar gettin rather scarce.

Yore affeckshunate kuzen.

GOETHE TO FRANCE (during one of her greatest trials, i.e. that of Captain Dreyfus).—"Light! more light!"



THE SNAP-SHOOTING SEASON.

"BUT ME NO BUTS," AS OLD DRYPLATE REMARKED, AFTER VAINLY ENDEAVOURING TO CORNER A GROUP OF MOOR SHEEP.

"UP WE CAME" (BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES) "WITH OUR LITTLE LOT!"

OH! are not the Margate Authorities just a little too severe in fining, aye and, while they were about it, fining heavily, Captain HOLLAND, not of the phantom ship *The Flying Dutchman*, but of the excursion steamer *Royal Sovereign*, for carrying on August 5, 6, and 12, an aggregate excess of 899 passengers? Nothing to speak of, is it? For this "little lot" over and above the regulation number, the large-hearted captain, representing the too generous New Palace Steamer Company, whose agent he is, had to pay £204 11s. 6d.! Bless his heart! How cheerfully he must have stumped up! Captain MASON of the *Koh-i-noor* (same company), and Captain SARGENT of *The Eagle*, not, we believe, one of the New Palace Steamer fleet, two good open-fisted tars, were also fined £55 3s. and £143 16s. respectively. Perhaps these noble captains, always so polite and courteous, will not object to incurring the same risk over and over again with a similar result, their ambition being to be remembered as "the most re-fined officers" in this particular service. Also for "overcrowding," Captains E. HOLLAND, MILLS, and ANDREWS, of the "Belle Steamers," were ordered to pay between them £93. "*La Belle Affaire!*" And is it thus that the generous all-embracing spirit is rewarded?

The fares charged on these boats by these philanthropic steamship companies, who wouldn't for the world that the L. C. & D. and S.-E. R. should incur the slightest risk from carrying too many passengers, are so low as to be well-nigh prohibitive for those of the upper-middle or even the respectable middle class, who would, otherwise, frequently prefer in August a cool daylight trip by sea, to an inevitably hot daylight trip, occupying less than half the time, by train. But these steamship benefactors in their large-heartedness and great open-pocketness exclaim, "No! perish the thought! The railway carriages shall not be overcrowded! We'll take passengers at anything less than the least the railways will charge! There! we can't say fairer than that! Let 'em all come!!"

And so for this exuberant, kindly, open-hearted generosity these excellent captains, worthily representing so noble a company, are all fined!! *Finis coronat opus*; which some persons, pretending to care for human lives, and, evidently, utterly

incapable of appreciating true bravery coupled with solid financial advantages, would maliciously translate "Sarve 'em right." Alas! alas! and is this the reward of virtue? These steamships are "Paddles," we believe, not "Screws." They couldn't be "Screws." It is not in the nature of a "Screw" to behave so generously towards the much-excursing public!

PRIVATE VIEWS.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE RETRIEVER.

BENEATH this turf, that formerly he pressed
With agile feet, a Dog is laid to rest.
Him, as he sleeps, no well-known sound shall stir,
The rabbit's patter or the pheasant's whirr;
The keeper's "Over!"—far, but well-defined,
That speeds the startled partridge down the wind;
The whistled warning, as the winged ones rise
Large and more large upon our straining eyes,
Till with a swoop, while every nerve is tense,
The chattering covey hurtles o'er the fence;
The double crack of every lifted gun;
The dinting thud of birds whose course is done—
These sounds, that to his listening ear were dear,
He heeds no longer, for he cannot hear.
None stauncher, till the drive was done, defied
Temptation, rooted to his master's side.
None swifter, when his master gave the word,
Leapt forth to track the wounded running bird,
And bore it back—ah, many a time and oft!—
His nose as faultless as his mouth was soft.
How consciously, how proudly, unconcerned
Straight to his master's side he then returned,
Wagged a glad tail and deemed himself repaid,
As in that master's hand the bird he laid,
If, while a word of praise was duly said,
The hand should stroke his smooth and honest head.
Through Spring and Summer, in the sportless days,
Cheerful he lived a life of simpler ways:
Chose, since official dogs at times unbend,
The household cat for confidante and friend;
With children, friendly but untaught to fawn,
Romped through the walks and rollicked on the lawn;
Rejoiced, if one the frequent ball should throw,
To fetch it, scampering gaily to and fro,
Content through every change of sportive mood
If one dear voice, one only, called him good.

Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
Hunts through the shadow-land, himself a shade;
Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

MERIT REWARDED.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER has been made a Foreign Knight of the Prussian "*Ordre pour le Mérite*." And Mr. Punch, recognising the many and great Merits of Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., Past and Present Master of Arts, Crafts, and Sciences, begs to add his own invaluable signature by way of countersign to this new diploma. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA is, according to the *Daily News*, the only other "English artist" in possession of this honour.

But is ALMA-TADEMA an Englishman? Naturalised: yes. Is our HUBERT an Englishman? Naturalised: probably, but surely by birth Bavarian? Perhaps Belgravian, perhaps Bromptonian. "*Mr. Crummles* is NOT a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea." But why limit a genius to any particular locality? We believe that both the meritorious HUBERT and the knightly LAWRENCE are covered with "orders" from abroad; inasmuch, that not a few of their very best works are allowed to leave England, the land of their adoption, and are sent "carriage paid" and art well recompensed, to enrich the Art treasure-houses of clever Continental collectors. Anyway, "*pour le mérite*" your health, Professor, Brother Brush, and Man of Metal!

At the Zoo. (A Fact.)

'Arriet (looking at the Java sparrows). Wot's them? Spar-rerkeets?

'Arry. Sparrerkeets be 'anged—they's live 'umming birds.

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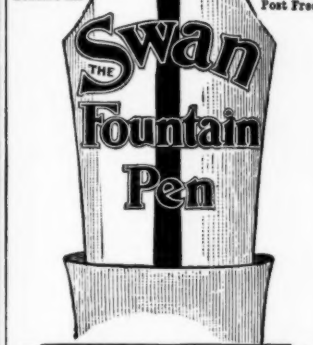
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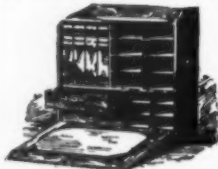
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